Gob. His Maſter and he (ſaving your worſhips reverence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Laun. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a diſh of Doves that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſute is.

Laun. In very briefe, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſute,
Shylocke thy Maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Iewes ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Maſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you have the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Maſter, and enquire
My lodging out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a ſervice, no, I have nere a tong in my head: Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to ſweare upon a booke, I ſhall have good fortune; go too, heere's a ſimple lyne of life, heeres a ſmall trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night

My

My beſt eſteemd acquaintan
Leon. My beſt endeavou
En
Gra. Where's your Maſt
Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.*
Gra. I have a ſuit to you
Gra. You muſt not deny
Baſ. VVhy then you m
Thou art to wild, to rude, a
Parts that become thee hap
And in ſuch eyes as ours app
But where thou art not kno
Something too liberall; pray
To allay with ſome cold dr
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt th
I be miſconſtred in the plac
And loſe my hope. *Gra.*
If I doe not put on a ſober h
Talke with reſpect, and ſw
VVeare prayer bookes in m
Nay more, while grace is ſa
Thus with my hat, and figh
Vſe all the obſervance of ci
Like one well ſtudied in a f
To pleaſe his Grandam, nev
Baſ. VVell, we ſhall ſe
Gra. Nay, but I barre to
By what we doe to night.
I would intreat you rather
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth,
That purpoſe merriment:
I have ſome buſines.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lor*
But we will viſit you at ſup

Enter Ie

Ieſ. Iam ſorry thou wi
Our houſe is hell, and thou

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